
3-15-1972

Weeding Carrots: A Parable

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Recommended Citation

Shideler, Mary McDermott (1972) "*Weeding Carrots: A Parable*," *Mythril*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 3 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mythril/vol1/iss3/9>

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Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

Abstract

A gardener went forth at the crack of dawn, one spring morning, to hoe in her garden.

Keywords

Fiction; Mythril; Weeding Carrots; Mary McDermott Shideler

WEEDING CARROTS

A Parable

BY MARY MCDERMOTT SHIDELER

A gardener went forth at the crack of dawn, one spring morning, to hoe in her garden. Looking this way and that to see what most needed doing, she observed weeds among the carrots. Squatting upon her heels, because neither carrots nor weeds were more than an inch high, she applied herself forthwith to plucking out the weeds. After some thirty seconds of this exacting work, she espied between her thumb and forefinger a carrot top. And she spoke to herself thus:

"Looky, sister, the weeds can't be hurting the carrots that much. In another week--or two--you can take on this little job and get somewhere. Let the tares grow with the--I mean, let the weeds grow with the carrots until they're big enough that your fingers can get the one without hauling out the other. It's a noble work, but this isn't the time for it." So she straightened her knees and her back, and hoed the peas instead.

Morals: (1) There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed.

(2) If you want to separate tares from--I mean, weeds from carrots, don't be in too much of a hurry.

(3) A parable may be susceptible to more than one interpretation.

(4) In understanding an agricultural parable, there's nothing like a spot of gardening to clear the mind.



IN SACRED TIME

ANONYMOUS

Breathing in step we walk through
the night
stride through dreams
ride the night
striding striving
arriving

Softly then, we wander back
through layers
of pride, of pretenses,
of polished defenses
to the time when the world was
young
or we were

No fever now but the quiet morning
of experience
Finger tips gently trace the edges
of being
Drawing a circle of protection
around this place and this
moment
that is us

We surrender to the drift
of the time-exiled world
of first-feeling
nursing each other on trust
(we must)
returning to security,
like the first-love's dealing
acceptance of our holding, sucking, needing
like a mother feeding
her child again.